

English E/IIIA Homework Activities

Pre-Reading Activities

Activity 1 Skimming Quickly skim (read quickly and lightly) this week's article and mark any new words or expressions. In the chart below, write all the new words or expressions you marked. When you are finished skimming, look up these new words in your dictionaries and write the Japanese meaning. When you are finished with today's lesson, add these words and expressions to your Personal Dictionaries.

English	日本語	English	日本語	English	日本語	English	日本語

Reading-in-Detail Activities

Activity 2 Reading in Detail Read today's article slowly and carefully. Try to understand everything in the article. When you are finished, read the article again out loud. Do this several times to help you understand and remember new vocabulary.

The Monkey's Paw (continued) by W.W. Jacobs

Part II

A bright winter's sun shone over the breakfast table next morning. Herbert could not resist joking about what had taken place the night before.

"The idea of our listening to such nonsense," said Mrs. White, turning toward her husband. "How could wishes be granted these days? And even if they could, how could five hundred dollars hurt you?"

"Might drop on his head from out of the sky," Herbert said, laughing.

"Still," said Mr. White, "Morris seemed so serious about it all. And about bad luck always following the wishes."

"Well, don't spend all the money before I get back," said Herbert, smiling, as he rose from the table to leave for work.

Mrs. White laughed and followed him to the door. She watched him go down the road before returning to the table. And although she made light of the paw, she seemed somewhat nervous all day and rushed to the door at the slightest noise.

"I guess Herbert will have some more funny remarks to make when he comes home from work," she said as they sat at lunch.

"I suppose so," said Mr. White. "Still, say what you will, that thing moved in my hand. I'm sure of it."

"You mean you thought it moved," said his wife.

"No, I'm certain of it," he replied. "I tell you, it moved. I – why what's the matter?"

His wife did not answer. She was watching the mysterious movements of a man outside. He seemed to be making up his mind whether or not to come to the door. Three times he stopped at the gate and then walked away. The fourth time he pushed it open and walked up the path. Mrs. White thought of the five hundred dollars, for she noticed that the stranger was very well dressed. She hurried to the door and asked him in.

The stranger seemed ill at ease and did not speak at once.

"I – I was asked to call," he said at last. "I come from the office of Maw and Meggins."

Mrs. White jumped. "Is anything the matter?" she asked breathlessly. "Has anything happened to Herbert? What is it? What is it?"

Her husband interrupted. "There, there," he said quickly. "Don't jump to conclusions. You've not brought bad news, I'm sure," he said to the man.

"I'm sorry-" said the visitor.

"Is Herbert hurt?" demanded the mother.

The visitor shook his head slowly. "Badly hurt," he said quietly. "But he is not in any pain."

"Thank goodness for that," said the mother. "Thank goodness-"

She broke off instantly as she suddenly realized the terrible meaning of the visitor's words. She caught her breath and turning to her husband, put her shaking hand on his.

"He was crushed in the machinery," said the visitor, finally, in a low voice.

"Crushed in the machinery," repeated Mr. White, looking dazed.

He stared blankly out the window. "He was our only son," he said softly.

The visitor coughed and walked slowly to the window. "The company wished me to offer their sincere sympathy to you in your great loss," he said. "They asked me to say that Maw and Meggins bears no responsibility for the accident. But in consideration of your sons service, they wish to present you with a certain sum of money."

Mr. White dropped his wife's hand and gazed with a look of horror at the visitor. "How much?" he asked.

"Five hundred dollars," was the answer.

Unaware of his wife's cry, Mr. White fell, like a senseless heap, to the floor.

Part III

In the huge new cemetery two miles away, Herbert was buried. The old couple came back to a house of shadow and silence. It had all happened so quickly they could hardly believe it, and their days were long and weary.

It was about a week after that that Mr. White awoke suddenly in the middle of the night. He stretched out his hand and found himself alone. The room was in darkness, and he heard the sound of his wife weeping near the window.

He raised himself in bed. "Come back," he said tenderly. "You will be cold."

"It is colder for our son," she answered quietly.

His eyes were heavy with sleep, and he began to doze when a sudden wild cry from his wife woke him with a start.

"The monkey's paw!" she cried wildly. "The monkey's paw!"

He jumped up in alarm. "What? What's the matter?"

She stumbled across the room toward him. "I want it," she said firmly. "You haven't destroyed it?"

"It's in the living room, on the shelf," he answered in a startled voice. "But why?"

She cried and laughed at the same time and bent over and kissed him.

"I just thought of it now," she said wildly. "Why didn't I think of it before? Why didn't you think of it?"

"Think of what?" he asked.

"The other two wishes," she replied quickly. "We've only had one."

"Wasn't that enough?" he demanded angrily.

"No!" she cried triumphantly. "We'll have one more. Go down and get the paw quickly, and wish that our boy were alive again."

The man sat up in bed.

"Get it," she demanded. "Get it quickly, and wish."

"Go back to bed," her husband said, uneasily. "You don't know what you are saying."

"We had the first wish granted," she said, her voice rising with excitement. "Why not the second?"

"It was a coincidence," muttered the old man.

"Go and get it and wish!" cried his wife.

Her husband struck a match and lit the candle. Then he made his way down to the living room and to the shelf. The monkey's paw was in its place, and he found it. Then he was struck by a horrible thought! The wish might bring him his mutilated son – torn and crushed – before he had time to get out of the house! His head spun in terror as he made his way back to his wife.

Her face seemed changed as he entered the room. It was very pale and seemed to have a strange look on it. He was suddenly afraid of her.

"Wish!" she cried in a strong voice.

"It is foolish and wrong," he said, hesitating.

"Wish!" she repeated.

He raised his hand and said slowly, "I wish my son alive again."

The paw fell to the floor, and he looked at it in fear. Then he sank, shaking, into a chair. He watched as his wife, with burning eyes, walked to the window and raised the shades.

He sat until he became chilled with the cold, glancing now and then, at his wife who was peering through the window. After a while, the candle burned down and went out. With an enormous sense of relief that the paw had failed, he went back to bed. A few minutes later, he heard his wife returning.

Neither spoke. In the silence they listened to the ticking of the clock. A stair creaked, and the darkness pressed down upon them. After a while, the husband took the box of matches and struck one. Then he went downstairs for a candle.

At the foot of the stairs the match went out, and he stopped to light another. At the same moment, he heard a soft knock at the front door.

The match fell out of his hand. He stood still, holding his breath until he heard the knock again.

Then he turned and rushed back to the room and closed the door behind him. A third knock sounded through the house.

What's that?" cried his wife, jumping up.

"It's nothing" he said, his voice breaking. "It's – it's the wind against the roof "

His wife sat up in bed listening. A loud knock sounded through the house.

"It's Herbert!" she screamed. "It's Herbert!"

She ran to the door, but her husband caught her by the arm and held her tightly.

"What are you going to do?" he whispered hoarsely.

"It's Herbert," she cried. "I forgot that the cemetery was two miles away. Why are you holding me back?" Let me go. I must open the door."

"Don't let it in!" cried the old man, shaking.

"Are you afraid of your own son?" she said, struggling. "Let me go! I'm coming, Herbert!"

There was another knock and another. The old woman broke free and ran from the room. Her husband followed her to the landing and called after her as she hurried downstairs.

He heard the chain rattle and the sound of the lower door bolt being drawn open. Then he heard his wife's voice calling to him.

"The upper bolt," she cried loudly. "Help me! I can't reach it!"

But her husband was on his hands and knees, searching wildly for the paw. If only he could find it before the thing outside got in!

The banging on the door echoed loudly throughout the house. Then he heard the scraping of a chair as his wife pulled it toward the door. He heard the creaking of the bolt as it moved slowly back. At that moment, he found the monkey's paw. Wildly he made his third and last wish!

The knocking suddenly stopped. He heard the door open, and a blast of cold wind blew up the staircase. A loud cry of disappointment from his wife gave him the courage to run down to her side. He rushed out to the gate and looked around. The streetlamp shone on a deserted road.